

Blackbird

By David Harrower

Una: It was half-eleven. We could still make the ferry. I ran and ran. I could see the guest house. But your car had gone. I checked ran up and down looking into all the cars but and my bag was inside your car with all my clothes with everything. And you were gone. The clothes I'd brought. But and my passport in my pocket and that I That room but it was dark, the window. I didn't know what to do. Waited. I sat on a bench. I was freezing, hungry. I wanted to know why you'd gone. What I had done. I was crying. You'd left me. You'd Or something terrible had happened. You'd been killed or drowned or I couldn't do anything, couldn't go anywhere. We wouldn't be on the ferry. We wouldn't be leaving. I didn't know what to do. Something had happened. You wouldn't have left me. You wouldn't have done that.